

Misunderstandings by SchneeGheist

Category: Danny Phantom

Genre: Angst, But I can literally ONLY write angst/whump. Hurt/Comfort AT BEST., Drabble, Gen, Listen. I wanna make fluffy Badger Cereal. I really do, ghost hunger, so heres some badger cereal drabbles while i wait to be able to draw again

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2024-11-12

Updated: 2024-11-12

Packaged: 2024-11-29 03:11:43

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 943

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Story URL: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/60505105>

Author URL: <https://archiveofourown.org/users/SchneeGheist/pseuds/SchneeGheist>

Summary:

Vlad thinks Danny's eaten before.

He has not. This is a misunderstanding.

Done for Badger Cereal Week 2024, Day 6's Prompt: Fighting

Relationships: Badger Cereal - Relationship, Danny Fenton & Vlad Masters

Comments: 5

Kudos: 53

Misunderstandings

Vlad should've acted sooner.

It's not like it started slowly, no. It was quite obvious as soon as Vlad had met Daniel that he hadn't yet eaten anything. He wasn't starving himself, not yet. Still living off the fumes of his initial death, Vlad supposed.

It didn't matter. Soon, the urge would become obvious to the Little Badger, and he'd scurry off to a blob ghost or two in no time. So he said nothing. A little petty, mostly for the bratty comments and adamancy to stay with that *wretch* of a man Jack, but also a learning opportunity.

Unlike Vlad, Daniel gained access to the Ghost Zone immediately after his death; he'd have no trouble getting what he needed when the time came.

It went that way for a while. Vlad had presumed, at a certain point, that Daniel had already eaten before and simply refused to speak of it. Understandable, given his childish aversion to malice and gore. Daniel got stronger in fights, better at strategy. It was only upwards for him, a clear sign of a healthy diet in relation to his ghostly side.

At least, that's what Vlad thought.

What he didn't account for, however, was the fact that Daniels incident was much bigger than his own. Which, therefore, would lead

to a longer time of feed-free existence.

And so he didn't act fast enough when he saw Daniel's attitude change. Abruptly.

A bad week, Vlad thought, and went to worsen it even further. Keeping up appearances, and all that.

And he didn't account for the slowed reaction time, the drastic pull in Daniels punches. He seemed genuinely scared of whatever goons he'd set up against Daniel in battle, scared of fighting them.

What he does do is snoop a little more than usual. Possibly figure out what had Daniel so distant, rub salt in the wound. His friends were perplexed as well. Jasmine had every piece of the puzzle, except what exactly the remedy *was* for Daniel's condition.

But Vlad knew.

Standing with his arms spread in protection, in-between the shifting and angry mass of a hungry Daniel and the Fenton's portal, he knew very well what would fix this situation.

A low growl echoed within the metallic lab as Daniel finally decided on a fixed form. Long, spindly limbs that were striped in white, the ends forming groups of snow and frost at the supposed elbows. The rest of the body pitch black, save for sharp, frosty hair that nearly covered full eyes of green.

From Vlad's perspective, it resembled headlights. The glow refracting off of the metal paneling of the basement, extenuated from the dim light that buzzed from behind him. It was the form of a predator. A starving, mindless predator.

Vlad carefully glanced towards the touchpad of the portal. Miraculously, the portal had been closed beforehand, but the touchpad was still active, and would accept the fingerprints of a Fenton.

Including Daniel.

The Halfa in question slowly approached the portal, a deep maw splitting open from his face; if you could call it that.

Would he still respond to verbal communication? Vlad wasn't sure. His adam's apple bobbed precariously as he opened his mouth.

"Daniel."

The animalistic figure kept approaching, spinal discs ticked upwards as he crouched on all fours.

"Daniel." Vlad prodded further, slowly moving himself more so against the touchpad than the actual portal.

Although Vlad is fine with sentient ghosts being harmed in this way,

he definitely does *not* want to deal with the aftermath of Daniel harming innocent people.

Both of their movements continued, both painfully slow. Vlad couldn't take it.

"Daniel!-"

Vlad barely had anytime to react as Daniel lunged, scrambling to grip Vlad in his claws. He grew larger, now squeezing Vlad's frame in only one hand. Vlad was slung across the room, breaking several apparatus and beakers in a tumultuous crash.

Thank Zone, Jack and Maddie were away at some stupid convention. He didn't need them intervening with this right now.

He attempted to break free of the aforementioned debris, his arms now trapped under. From where he sat, he could see Daniel approach the pad. A line of darkness and white and frost and pain is dragged down, slowly approaching the center of the pad.

Vlad holds his breath.

And it doesn't activate.

A haunting howl as the hand is ripped from the wall, slamming again and again and again against the pad. It sparks and splinters as it's

further ripped apart. The animalistic screech that Daniel continues to scream rings in Vlad's ears, a blinding wail of aggression.

In one, swift action, the spindly limbs are torn from the wall one last time and lifted in motion as Daniel sprints towards Vlad. The appendages grip around his immobilized body and jugged teeth rip into Vlad's collarbone.

White hot sparks of pain flare Vlad back into action. He fruitlessly attempts to grab onto Daniel, before realizing that the teeth sunken into him are shaking. And, the hands are too. And then Vlad realizes altogether that Daniel finally got the ectoplasm he needed. The large shadowy mess of a creature was now just a sobbing mess in front of him.

Despite this, Daniel had not let go, still bitten down on Vlad's bleeding flesh. He wasn't finished feeding, not yet. Manic murmurs of apologies vibrate through too-big teeth as Daniel now grips onto Vlad for reassurance, not holding him down.

Vlad mentally resets, and is finally able to rip an injured hand from the mess. It goes onto the back of Daniel, and he leans further in.

"It's okay." Vlad says, rather distantly. "It's okay."

Danny cries harder.